

The Finer Things In Life

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/1733225) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/1733225>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	Kill la Kill
Relationship:	Kiryuuin Satsuki/Matoi Ryuuko
Characters:	Matoi Ryuuko , Mankanshoku Mako , Jakuzure Nonon , Gamagoori Ira , Kiryuuin Satsuki , Inumuta Houka , Sanageyama Uzu
Additional Tags:	restaurant AU , not related so it doesnt count
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2014-06-03 Updated: 2014-10-22 Words: 13,022 Chapters: 7/?

The Finer Things In Life

by [KillLaKillMe](#)

Summary

Ryuko is a waitress at a downtown cafe. Satsuki is an up and coming heir to a company. What happens when the less fortunate meets the rich? A lot, actually.

Chapter 1

There were two things that Ryuko was sure of. One, this woman sitting at the table in front of her has obviously never been here before. And two, she definitely was not from this district. Ryuko shifted her weight from her right foot to her left as the businesswoman looked over the menu. “Oi, are you gonna order anytime soon, or what?” She grumbled. Though she really shouldn’t have. The manager had been on her ass about her attitude towards customers since day one. She just could not take indecisive people.

The entrepreneur closed the menu. “I would like a chicken salad with garlic bread on the side and a water with a lemon on the side of the glass.” She ordered, glaring at the younger girl.

“Jesus Christ, it took you that long to order something so freaking boring?” Ryuko criticized, pulling out her pen from her messy bun. She knew rich people were stiffs but this woman really took the cake. Especially with those serious looking eyebrows of hers.

“Then what do you suggest I have, waitress?” The woman asked, giving her an audacious smile. Ryuko took notice of how defined her features were. Her hair was long and a sleek jet black that reminded Ryuko of a flowing ocean. Her smooth, sculpted jaw made her smile all the more endearing.

Ryuko wordlessly flipped the menu open. “Tell you what.” She said, flipping through it. When she found what she was looking for, she pointed to it before she spoke again. “Get the chicken penne. It’s out of this world. Trust me on this. Not only is it fucking rad, it’s the only reason I started working at this overpriced crap shack. And you can get that boring salad you wanted as a side.” She added, snorting.

The woman laughed. “Alright, I’ll take you up on that. And if I like it, we’ll see about your tip.” She said, handing Ryuko back the menu with a smirk.

Ryuko chortled. “Sure, we’ll see about that.” She responded, writing down the order and taking the menu from her. “I’ll be back in a beat.” She walked away from her to go place the order when she felt a pair of hands grab her. She was about about the deck whoever it was, when she recognized who had pulled her aside she relaxed. “Oh, it’s you, Mako.”

“What the heck was that all about?” The shorter girl demanded, hitting her chest. “You know Nonon will deduct your pay if she finds out you’re being an ass to the customers again!”

Ryuko waved her concern off. “Don’t worry. This one actually has a backbone.” She patted her friend on the back before heading into the kitchen. She handed the cook the order and then went about tending to the other customers.

When the woman’s order was ready, Ryuko took the plate over to her table and set it down with the lemon water. She smiled in the woman’s direction as she took a tentative bite of the dish. The woman nodded in her direction as she swallowed.

“Looks like your judgment was correct.” She complimented. Ryuko mumbled her thanks while she fought the urge to roll her eyes at how formal the woman was being. “What’s your name?”

Ryuko’s eyebrows furrowed. She didn’t expect that. “It’s Ryuko. Ryuko Matoi.” She answered, scratching behind her ear. She hoped the woman wouldn’t report her to her manager. That was the last thing she needed.

“Ryuko.” The woman said, tasting her name on her lips. “I like that name. Maybe I’ll come back sometime to have lunch again, Ryuko.” She said, smiling at her.

Ryuko was astounded at how someone she hadn’t even met could make her shiver with just the mere mention of her name. “S-Sure.” She stuttered, all of a sudden losing her cool and collected demeanor.

“Order up!” Someone called from the kitchen and rung the bell.

“I-I-I gotta, um yeah.” Ryuko managed, pointing a thumb in the direction of the kitchen hurriedly back tracked into the kitchen and grabbed the plates off the counter. She walked past the mysterious woman to get to the customers on the other side of her and bounded back into the kitchen to grab more plates.

By the time she was done making her rounds, the woman had left. Sighing, Ryuko wiped her hands on her apron and went over to the now abandoned table to collect the empty dishes left by the high class patron.

She pulled a rag from the dish bin after putting the dishes in it and began to wipe down the table, almost missing the note and the hundred dollar bill lying between the salt and pepper shakers. “Shut up!” She breathed in disbelief, throwing the bin on the booth seat and picking up the bill, holding it to the light.

Yup. That was a real hundred dollar bill. Usually tips at a halfway decent place like this only averaged between five to ten dollars. (If the customer was feeling generous.) But never was a customer ever this generous. She quickly stashed the dollar in her her skinny jeans before picking up the note. “Hope this covers your ride home for the week.” She read. She snorted. Of course some business savvy stiff would think she needed handouts because she was a waitress. And she was just beginning to think that woman was hot. Rolling her shoulders, she sauntered into the kitchen and set the dishes down, preparing herself for the dinner-time rush.

Finally home after Nonon made her work an extra hour with no pay, Ryuko face planted herself onto the couch. Mako sat on it, eating yogurt and watching the news.

She turned to her foster sister. “Oh. You’re home late. What took you so long?” She asked, observing as the taller girl wiggled out of her black collared shirt. Ryuko never went into her room to change. Her clothes were almost always on the floor before she even walks through the door.

“The grumpy old troll made me work an extra shift just because she wanted to be a glory hole. I swear to god maybe if she’d let someone fuck her every once in a while she would be a lot less evil.” Ryuko huffed, shimmying out of her black skinny jeans. She threw her discarded clothes in the direction of her room. They barely made it through the doorway. Oh well. She’d take them in there once she went to bed.

“You know she’s only bitter because her family cut her off.” Mako reasoned, watching her make her way into the kitchen to get a can of beer out of the fridge. Mako didn’t drink, she was more of a soda kind of girl, but Ryuko always made sure that the fridge was stocked full of alcohol. Mainly for nights like this. It made coping with her crappy life better.

“Why should I care? It’s not my fault she has a failing singing career.” Ryuko muttered, wiping the excess beer off her mouth. She sat back down next to Mako and slouched, spreading her legs in a manly manner.

“Because you’re trying to be a musician too, Ryuko-chan. You could at least have some sympathy for the girl.” Mako responded, rolling her eyes.

Ryuko burped and smiled wryly. “Nope. Still not my problem.”

Mako didn’t even bother answering her. Once Ryuko had a set opinion about someone, she couldn’t be convinced otherwise. It was a little annoying and ignorant if anyone asked Mako. The shorter girl turned the volume on the TV up, hoping to tune out the other girl.

“Twenty year old REVOCS heir Satsuki Kiryuin accompanied her mother Ragyo Kiryuin on a trip to the company’s fifty second factory opening in Osaka today,” Said a reporter on the screen. The shot of the newsroom momentarily went to a shot of a clothing factory with a familiar black haired young woman and an older grey haired woman standing in front of it cutting a red ribbon with a giant pair of scissors.

Ryuko took a large gulp of her beer as the cameraman zoomed in on the black haired girl as she began to make a speech. Before she even knew what was happening she was coughing up beer onto the floor.

Mako patted her back. “What? What’s the matter?” She asked, looking back and forth between her and the TV.

“T-That,” Ryuko managed to say, gasping for air, “T-That Kiryuin girl! That’s the girl that was at my table today!” Ryuko stared up at the TV in disbelief. Now she knew why her tip was so big.

Chapter 2

The next morning Ryuko stomped into work angrily. She hadn't known she was dealing with an heiress! She had been a total dick to someone who could buy her a million times over! But dick or not, Satsuki had given her the hundred dollar tip. So maybe she hadn't been so bad towards her.

Though her hair was standing on edge. What was she going to say to her if she came back? She did say she was going to come back. Ryuko was so jittery she didn't even see Nonon standing in front of her, irritatingly tapping her foot.

"You're late, maggot." The shift manager growled, shoving Ryuko's apron into her arms. Ryuko glared down at her. She hadn't gotten a wink of sleep last night. She basically flirted with an heiress and Nonon really expected her to work right off the bat? "What's the matter, miscreant? Cat got your tongue?" Nonon challenged.

"No, but it's definitely got your music career." Ryuko snorted back, tying on her apron and walking past her, towards the employee break room. She smirked when she heard the other woman's frustrated shriek.

"Ryuko-chan!" Mako groaned as she entered the break room. "She'll kill you if you keep doing that!"

Ryuko snorted in response. She opened her locker and began to put her things into it. "Yeah, sure she will. I'm the only one that ever brings money to this place. All the other dumb bimbos working this joint wouldn't know a steak from a burger." She slammed her locker shut and sat down in front of her foster sister, putting her head in her hands. "I can't lose this job. It's the only thing I've got going for me." She sighed, her words muffled by her frustrations.

"Why don't you ask your new rich friend for some financial help?" Mako teased, wiggling her eyebrows. "I'm sure she can help you out."

Ryuko shook her head. "Hell no. First, we only met briefly. Second, I'm not a beggar. I can handle my own shit. I don't need to ask some freakin' stiff for handouts. That just makes me seem like a charity case. And Ryuko Matoi is not a charity case." She said, puffing out her chest.

"If you say so." Mako shrugged. She got up and stretched. "I gotta start getting my share of tables all cleaned up for today's crowd. You sure you okay?" She asked, tilting her head. She didn't want to just leave Ryuko in a time of need.

"Dandy." Ryuko mumbled, getting up herself. She might as well get her section ready too. She grit her teeth as she followed Mako out, thinking about what kind of day lied ahead of her. "Just, dandy."

A few hours into her shift, Ryuko was starting to feel a bit better. The odds of someone as high up as Satsuki Kiryuin coming back to a try hard place like this cafe was second to none. Even if she did say she would come back, she probably wouldn't be caught dead in a place like this with paparazzi following her. Wiping off a table, she exhaled contently. While that had been a wild experience, she really was not counting on it happening again.

Which is why she failed to hear the very woman of her thoughts walk though the door.

“Oi, Mako!” Ryuko called, throwing her towel in her dish bin and setting it in the kitchen. “I’m going on my lunch break! Cover for- Motherfucker!” Her hands went instantly over her mouth and she strode into the break room.

Ryuko had always known of the saying, ‘Speak of the devil and the devil shall come’, but never, would she ever think that it would apply to her. Why did she have to come now of all times? Why couldn’t she wait until she had walked out on her break? At least then she wouldn’t be there and Satsuki would have to go away. But no, by some sick twisted chance of fate, Satsuki had cornered her when she was almost home free.

“Matoi!”

Ryuko involuntarily jumped. Nonon’s shrill voice was not something she wanted to hear right now.

“Matoi get your ass out here!”

Ryuko squeezed her eyes shut, her breathing starting to pick up speed. Groaning, she begrudgingly walked back out into the main part of the restaurant. She put on her meanest scowl and stomped her foot. “What!?” She barked, glaring daggers at the woman leaning on the hostess stand.

“Satsuki-sama’s here to see you.” Nonon couldn’t give two shits about her apparent attitude.

“I can see that, Grinch.” Ryuko snapped, gritting her teeth. She refused to look in Satsuki’s direction. Mainly because she knew she looked crazy.

Nonon didn’t even dignify her with a response. “Whatever. Just try not to destroy the place, lizard.” She replied, flipping her short pink hair as she went to go seat a couple that had walked in.

Ryuko flipped her off before turning back to Satsuki. She almost wanted to punch her in the face for the condescending look that the older girl was giving her.

“Well, you’re certainly happy to see me.” Satsuki snorted clearly amoused at how irrational the younger girl was being.

“Save it, Kiryuin.” Ryuko said, walking past her and into the kitchen. She grabbed her bin and began to make her rounds again. Her stomach growled. She sighed. So much for her lunch break.

Ryuko sprayed some cleaning solution on the table and began to wipe it down after she put all the utensils in the bin, noticing a tip under the check book. Pocketing the measly four dollars, she cursed under her breath. Damn cheapskates.

“You’re seriously going to act like I’m not here?” Satsuki asked, sounding agitated. Ryuko hadn’t even looked at her for more than a second since she got here.

“That’s the plan.” Ryuko sighed exasperated. She stopped her task and looked the other woman straight in the eye. “Why’d you even come back, huh? You wanted to throw me a pity party because I can’t afford health care but you can?”

“I wanted to talk to you.” Satsuki responded calmly.

“Talk to me?” Ryuko repeated derisively, throwing the rag down. “About what? What in the whole fucking world could a multi-billion dollar heir have to talk about with a minimum wage waitress?” Ryuko worked her jaw. Satsuki was really beginning to get on her nerves.

“I wanted to take you out to lunch. It is your lunch break, correct?” Satsuki asked. Ryuko couldn’t even respond before her stomach rumbled. Satsuki laughed. “I guess that’s a yes then.” She smirked. “Come. I’ll take you to my favorite place.”

Before Ryuko knew what was happening she was being dragged into a limo. She gasped despite herself, completely in awe over how big and spacious it was on the inside compared to the outside. Satsuki sat facing her with her arms folded and her right leg crossed over the left one. “Holy shit this is probably worth my entire life!” She breathed. “Is that a switch for a seat warmer?!”

“Indeed it is.” Satsuki responded, finding Ryuko’s sudden childlike wonder adorable. “Though I wouldn’t recommend turning it on. It is the middle of summer after all.”

“Who cares! You’re stacked! You can waste all the electricity all you want!” Ryuko flipped on the switch and laid down onto the seat with her hands behind her head. “Aw yeah.” She said excitedly, “A girl could get used to this.”

Ryuko’s comfort was short lived though when the driver came to an abrupt stop. “We’ve reached your destination of choice, Lady Satsuki.” He informed her, turning around to face the young woman. He glanced momentarily at Ryuko in annoyance.

“Thank you, Soroi.” Satsuki said. She shook the younger girl in front of her, who had fallen asleep amazingly fast in the short time it took for them to get to where they were going.

Ryuko’s eyes fluttered open. Vision still bleary from sleep, she said, “Am I in heaven or hell because holy shit this seat is hot as fuck.” She sat up and Satsuki helped her out. Ryuko stretched and yawned. “So, what’s this place that you wanted to take me called?”

“La Vie Est Drole.” Satsuki responded, tugging at her hand. “Come along, we have reservations.”

“You had this whole thing planned out, didn’t you? You knew I was going to with you whether I liked it or not.” Ryuko muttered as they entered the doors of what looked like an expensive French restaurant. It looked to be a lot bigger and more high end than the average cafe she worked at.

“Maybe.” Satsuki said with a smirk. A hostess waved them over and they followed her over to the the table. “It comes with the power. People do whatever I want, when I want. I’m no spoiled brat, but I do know how to manipulate people to go along with my wishes. I am a businesswoman,after all.”

Ryuko snorted as the waiter handed them their menus. Satsuki was right about one thing. She was putty in her hands.

Chapter 3

“So you and troll are childhood friends?” Ryuko questioned, taking a bite out of her steak. She had been reluctant to order something so expensive but Satsuki insisted.

“Yes. We grew up in the same neighbourhood. Our parents are long time friends.” Satsuki responded, watching the way Ryuko carelessly ate with her arms on the table. It was obvious she had never taken any etiquette classes. “Our parents even own villas in France.”

“So you know about what happened to her right?” Ryuko wolfed down another piece and took a sip of her water.

“Unfortunately, yes.” Satsuki sighed, looking at her lap. “Nonon comes from a family of lawyers. Very serious people. She took a liking to music when we were particularly young; excelling at piano and all string instruments. But her family considered this a hobby, not a career path. When we were in our last leg of private school, her family were constantly badgering her into going to law school.” Satsuki paused to take a sip of wine. “She never caved, even when they threatened to disown her. Her love for music is just that strong. Sadly, her family did disown her, and now she’s where she is now, working as your shift manager.”

“Wow.” Ryuko commented. “I actually kinda feel bad for her.” She wiped her mouth with the napkin that was placed in her lap. “So what about you?”

“What about me?” Satsuki repeated, giving her a confused look.

“I mean, are you following your heart? Your ambitions?” Ryuko clarified. “Is preparing to be your mom’s successor what you really wanna do?”

Satsuki seemed astounded by the question. She’d never actually thought of that before. Did she really want to follow in her mother’s footsteps? Or did she want to do something else? “I’ve never given it a thought until now, honestly.” She confided. “Though I believe that if there is anything else that I’m willing to do, it’s politics.”

“Politics?” Ryuko scoffed. “I should have known.” She snorted, leaning back in her seat. “What do you want to do in politics? Be the president? The first lady? Congress woman? Or does it really not matter, as long as you’re in charge of people below you?”

There was a biting tone to what Ryuko had said, and Satsuki didn’t like it. “All have you know, I’m not some power hungry heiress looking to boss people around. That’s Nonon’s job.”

Ryuko couldn’t help but let out a cackle.

Satsuki continued, “I want to help people. I want to use my power to make people’s lives better.” A deep frown set on her lips and she closed her eyes. “I want to make my father proud.”

Ryuko noticed that her tone shook with grief in her last sentence, and she sat up straight. “I-I see where you’re coming from, I guess.” She mumbled awkwardly. “My mom and dad abandoned me when I was a baby. Then this old kook mad scientist found me and raised me until I was about sixteen. I came home one day to find the old man murdered. After that, my friend Mako’s family adopted me as one of their own and I’ve been with them ever since.”

She saw the pitiful look Satsuki was giving her and growled. She didn’t need pity. She didn’t need handouts. She didn’t need someone she barely knows sympathy. “Hey! I’m not a Lifetime special or some charity case to feel sorry for, alright? I had a bad childhood and it’s made the girl I am today. I’m fine. I’m not workin’ to make anyone proud but me.” The pained look on her face betrayed her words.

Satsuki didn’t know exactly what to say. “No one’s feeling sorry for you, Matoi.” She said sternly. “No one thinks you’re a charity case either. You think you’re a charity case, and you think people feel sorry for you. To be frank, if you told anyone on the street what you just told me, they wouldn’t care. You’re nineteen years old and you’re still going through that damned me vs. the world phase.”

Ryuko let out a laugh. “Wow, Giga Brows. You actually sound like you grew a pair for once.” She said, the sadness from her eyes gone. “And that whole me against the world thing isn’t a phase, okay? It’s my thing.” She added, pointing to the dyed strand of hair that was part of her bang. “I’m a rebel.” She said proudly.

“You’re an idiot.” Satsuki scoffed, chuckling to herself. “But I like you. C’mon. I’ve got something else to show you. I’m sure Nonon won’t mind if you took another hour.”

“Jesus Christ riding a Harley! This is your fucking house?!” Ryuko asked, as she drove up to the black iron gates of a white brick mansion. She looked about herself. “It looks like a torture chamber for children!”

“I don’t think I’m required to show you hospitality after a remark like that.” Satsuki said, getting out of the car when it came to a complete stop in front of the door.

Sorori opened the front door for them and Ryuko had to stop herself from screaming when they entered the foyer.

Black marble lined every inch of the floor from hallway to kitchen. Pillared walls reached up to a ten foot ceiling, with chandeliers guiding the way into the living room; which was a spacious room with real Italian leather couches and plush white carpet.

Ryuko looked like she was about to explode.

“Holy shit that TV is gigantic!” She half shouted, getting up to stand in front of the eighty inch tv. “Imagine watching porn on this thing!” She threw her arms wide in excitement.

"Of course that would be your first thought." Satsuki quipped, rolling her eyes. and take off your shoes, it's disrespectful to walk around in someone's house with your outdoor shoes on."

"Oh, right!" Ryuko apologized, hurriedly taking off her sneakers and running to leave them by the door. After she put them down, she wiped her hands on her jeans and got ready to go back into the living room with Satsuki when she saw a girl out the corner of her eye.

The girl, who couldn't be more than sixteen, descended down the spiral staircase in front of the main entrance with an intrigued look on her face. Her blonde hair was done up in twin pigtails, and her eyes were wide and child like. "My, my, my. So you're the girl Onee-sama was talking about. She wasn't lying when she said you were a waitress." She giggled teasingly, her eerie, high pitched voice sending shivers down Ryuko's back.

Feeling suddenly self conscious, Ryuko tried to adjust herself. "Yeah, I-I guess." She muttered. "I gotta get back to your sister now. M-My name's Ryuko by the way." Ryuko sprinted out of the foyer and into the living room like she'd just seen a ghost. Maybe it had been.

Satsuki heard thundering footsteps and looked out into the hallway to investigate. She saw Ryuko running towards her with a frightened expression on her face. "What the hell's gotten into you?" She asked as the younger girl ran past her and into the living room. She was pale and breathing hard.

"Your sister is fucking creepy!" Ryuko whisper shouted.

Back down the hall, Nui mused to herself smirking devilishly. "Ryuko, huh? I like this one."

Chapter 4

“Your lunch break was over two hours ago, you piece of shit.” Nonon snapped at Ryuko as she walked through the doors of the restaurant. She had been at Satsuki’s mansion talking with her and getting to know her. But something didn’t exactly feel right. Especially with her sister. She was downright creepy. Almost sinister. And Ryuko wanted to stay as far away from her as possible.

“Bite me, Jakuzure,” Ryuko responded, tying on her apron. “You saw me leave with Kiryuin. That’s where I was. It’s not my fault she wanted me to come with her.” She stuck her trusty black pen in her hair and grabbed her notepad off the counter where she had left it and went on to tend to her side of the floor.

“Where were you?!” Mako demanded when she saw her. “I had to cover all your tables! I’m going to get half your tips, you hear me?!” The shorter girl told her, pointing a finger into her chest. When Ryuko didn’t respond, she looked up at her confusedly. “What’s wrong?”

“Well, for starters, I think I left my wallet in Satsuki’s limo, her sister freaks me the fuck, out and I might have a slight crush on Eyebrows.” Ryuko responded, counting her points off on her fingers. “So, how was your lunch break?”

Mako just stared at her. “Uh, it was fine,” She answered, watching as her best friend walked passed her mechanically to clean some tables. “You sure you’re okay?” She asked her, watching her stare into the dish bin on her hip.

“Never better,” Ryuko answered, shrugging her shoulders. She threw the towel on the table over her shoulder and continued to clean off her section.

“Oh, Onee-chan, who’s your new play toy?” Nui asked Satsuki as they rode in the limo to their mother’s office. For some odd reason, she had decided that she needed to see both girls immediately. Satsuki wanted nothing more than to stay home, but her mother made it very clear that she wanted to see both of them.

“She’s not my play toy,” Satsuki grunted, looking out the window. “She’s just a friend I had made on my lunch break yesterday.” She hoped Nui would ask no further questions. The last thing she needed was for her step-sister to go blathering off to their mother that she had made a friend. Her mother would have people from all angles watching her. She wouldn’t be able to go out alone, and Nui would take great pride in keeping special watch on Ryuko.

Ryuko. Sighing, Satsuki closed her eyes, smiling absentmindedly at how childish and immature she was. The girl was definitely something else. A sudden jolt took her from her reverie, and she opened her eyes to see that the limo had stopped in front of a looming steel building. Her usual deep frown set onto her features and her posture went rigid as Soroi opened the door for her. She gave him a curt nod, and tried to ignore the unsettled look he gave her as they entered the building.

“Good afternoon, Miss Satsuki, Miss Nui.” The receptionist greeted them both a little too cheerfully. “Your mother is expecting you.”

“We know,” Satsuki answered with a polite, tight lipped smile. “Where is she?”

“She’s upstairs in her office.” She responded. As they walked away, The receptionist held up a finger. “Oh, and Miss Satsuki?” Satsuki slowly turned around to face her. “She requests to speak with you first. Alone.” The look on the woman’s face made Satsuki’s stand still.

“Very well.” She responded with a half smile as Soroi lead them to the elevator. As they entered, she felt her hands start to shake and her blood run cold. She knew why she wanted to see her alone. She should have known this was going to happen. Why on earth would she think that today would be different from any other day her mother requested her presence? Such a foolish thought. Her eyes darted to the small digital screen counting off the floors as they passed.

When she heard the dreadful ding that indicated that they had reached the destined floor, her heart all but stopped. Taking a deep, shaky breath, she exited the elevator first, and stood before the huge, almost intimidating black doors that stood between her and her mother. Almost forcefully, Satsuki opened the doors and stepped inside, flinching as the closed behind her.

Her mother sat at her desk hands folded, the city’s sunny afternoon skyline almost seeming sinister behind her. She smirked when she saw the hesitation in Satsuki’s movements. “My, my, is something the matter?” She teased, her deep, jarring voice wrapping around her like a boa constrictor, squeezing at her lungs.

“No. Not at all. You wanted to see me?” Satsuki asked, attempting to get her uneasy voice under control. By the smug look on her mother’s face, she could tell it wasn’t working.

“Yes, I did.” Her mother responded, getting up out of her chair, which made Satsuki’s hair stand on end, she knew what was coming next. Her mother swayed over to her, and opened Satsuki’s blazer, shimmying it down to her elbows. She then undid the first five buttons of her dress shirt, exposing her well endowed chest, only her lace bra protecting them from her mother’s touch.

Satsuki’s breathing became labored, the air conditioned room chilling her body temperature and hardening her nipples. Her mother’s mouth attacked her neck, causing her to slightly gasp in surprise. She moaned as her mother bit down on it. “You’ve been a bad girl, Satsuki.” Ragyo cooed, taking a fist full of hair. She pulled her forward, initiating a kiss Satsuki had no choice but to reciprocate, her mother’s lipstick smearing itself onto her lips. “I think it’s time you learned your lesson.”

Ragyo threw her daughter onto her desk and ripped her blazer and dress shirt completely off. Straddling her, she pulled her underwear down and stuck the index and middle finger on her right into her snatch, covering her mouth with her left. She smirked maliciously as Satsuki’s moans got louder with each pump of her fingers until she finally reached her limit, her eyes rolling back as her unwanted orgasm washed over her, her entire body shaking under her mother.

When her shameful bliss ended, Ragyo got up off her daughter triumphantly and watched her attempt to collect herself. She made sure that when Satsuki dared to look at her that she made eye contact and put her two sopping wet fingers into her mouth, tasting her juices. “Tell Nui that she can come in now.” She deadpanned, smacking her ass.

Fighting her tears and standing tall, Satsuki fixed herself before walking out the two doors to get her step-sister.

Chapter 5

Satsuki pushed past Nui as she made her way to the elevator. "Mother wants to see you," She relayed in a tired voice. She didn't even stop to hear her response.

Nui smirked. "My, my, what did Mother do to you this time, Onee-chan?" She asked playfully, turning to face Satsuki as the older girl got into the elevator.

"None of your goddamn business." Satsuki snapped angrily, letting the closing doors separate them. She resisted the urge to slide down the wall and cry. The ding that signaled she had made it to the lobby rung in her ears. Silently, she made her way to the front door, ignoring the worried look on the receptionist's face.

Once she had made it out to the street, she looked at her watch. It was about five. She saw Soroi step outside of the limo and open her door for her. He said nothing to her, as per usual when this sort of thing happened. He just shut her door once he made sure she was in, and got back into the limo to start his drive back to the Kiryuin manor.

She could feel him eyeing her through the rear view mirror. "If you have something to say, Soroi just say it." She growled.

The older man wasn't even phased by her sudden attitude. "You know that you can't keep this in secret forever." He told her, keeping his eyes on the road. "She knows you're afraid of saying anything. She's using that against you. She won't stop until-"

"Enough!" Satsuki shouted, stopping him. "This is not a conversation I am willing to have at the moment." The car filled with silence. It was then that Satsuki realized she had no idea what to do. She didn't want to go back home, but she didn't want to turn to her childhood friend either. She did need someone, though. Even if that someone wouldn't understand. "Soroi," She spoke more calmly now.

"Yes, Lady Satsuki?"

"Look up the address for Ryuko Matoi, and take me to her."

"Yes ma'am."

"Oh, Nui, whatever are we going to do about your dear sister?" Ragyo asked her youngest daughter with a smile on her face. She sat on the edge of her desk looking very smug and pleased. "I had to punish her for skipping out on our lunch date yesterday."

"Really? Well no wonder she stormed out of here..." Nui giggled. "Yes, what are we going to do about her, Mother?" She agreed. "She has been seeing someone." Nui hinted delightedly.

She knew she was just stretching the truth, but she'd do anything to stay on her mother's good side- even if that meant throwing her older sister under the bus.

"Oh?" Ragyo wondered, unfolding her arms, intrigued. "Do tell." She pressed, raising her eyebrows, interested.

"She met a girl yesterday named Ryuko Matoi. She even brought her home like some sort of suitor." Nui giggled as she twirled around the large office. "She was so hell bent on making sure that I didn't tell you."

Ragyo smirked at that. "Hell bent, you say?" Nui nodded eagerly. The older woman chuckled. "Well. We'll just see about that." She decided, smirking devilishly. She put a hand to her chin in thought. "How about with throw a party for our heir's new little friend?"

Nui's head bobbed like a bobble head. "I love parties!" She bubbled, clapping her hands. "That's a great idea, Mother!"

"Yes, a party." Ragyo decided. "And why don't we make her the guest of honor while we're at it?" She suggested, a particularly sinister laugh leaving her throat. "Go tell Rei to call the caterers. We're having guests over tomorrow."

Satsuki felt a chill go up her spine as Soroi stopped in front of Ryuko's apartment building. Something was coming, she didn't exactly know what, but she knew there was going to be trouble up ahead. She always had this particularly eerie feeling ever since she was a child. It was a sixth sense in a way. After what had happened today, she knew no good could come from it.

Satsuki thanked Soroi as he helped her step out of the car. "I'm going to be here for a while, and I won't be coming home. Tell Mother not to wait up for me." She commanded.

Soroi gave her an uneasy look. "You know how your mother gets when you're not home by dinner time...." He fretted.

Satsuki snorted. "Tch. Just tell her I went out for drinks or something. I don't feel like dealing with her right now." She turned curtly, and began to make her way up the stairs and into the apartment building.

Satsuki sighed. In hindsight, she really should have looked up the floor and room number that Ryuko was in but she really didn't need it since the names of the tenants were laminated under their intercom for visitors. Satsuki pressed the one that said 6E and waited for an answer.

"Hello?" Called out a lazy and muffled voice.

"Matoi, it's me, Satsuki." Satsuki responded, biting her lip before letting out her next few words. "I need to talk to you. Can I come up?" She held her breath as she waited for the other girl's answer. Ryuko had every right to say she didn't want to see her. They weren't actually friends after all, since they've only known each other for a day.

“Yeah, sure. Just knock when you’re here and I’ll let ya in.”

Satsuki let out the breath she had been holding and nodded to herself. “Alright, see you in a bit.”

“Yeah.”

The other side of the intercom went quiet, and Satsuki figured Ryuko had let go of the button. Turning on her heel she made her way to the elevator. Pressing the button for the sixth floor, she took the time to collect herself.

As the doors opened, she walked down the hall and realized it wasn’t such a bad place. Sure the walls could be painted again, and some of the doors probably have seen better days, but it wasn’t some busted up crap shack. Though there was no way Ryuko was living her by herself on a waitress’s wage. She must’ve had a roommate or something. Probably Mako.

She reached 6E and gave the ugly green door a knock. There was some shuffling from the other side; a curse here, a swear there, and finally she heard the door unlock. It creaked in protest when Ryuko swung it open with as much force as a small tornado.

Ryuko stood before her in a sports bra and a pair of running shorts that were so short they should have been considered pajama shorts. She scratched her stomach as she greeted the older girl. “Hey.” She said, nodding at her. “Sorry, I was kind of asleep on the couch.” She said, as Satsuki walked in. She locked the door and went into the kitchen. “Coffee?” She offered, shaking the can.

“Sure, thank you.” Satsuki responded, looking around the apartment. It was surprisingly clean for someone as haphazard as Ryuko. Sure there were a few articles of clothing strewn about, but for the most part it was a cozy place. The stuffed animals on the couch confirmed her theory that Mako was her roommate. Though she knew the place must be spreading them thin because aside from the coffee table, the couch, and the TV stand, there really wasn’t much furniture in the living room. And she was almost pretty sure that Ryuko and Mako’s beds were on the floor.

“How much do you guys pay for this apartment?” Satsuki asked her curiously, doing the math in her head.

“Uh, fifteen hundred.” Ryuko called from the kitchenette, the coffee maker burbling over her voice.

Even if Ryuko and Mako made eight twenty five an hour, and worked eight hours for five days a week, that still wouldn’t be enough. Not only would they be a hundred and eighty dollars short, they also couldn’t just have all their money going towards the rent. Satsuki was seriously bewildered as to how they did it.

Growing up with the privilege of being rich hadn’t made her ignorant to the struggles of working people, but that still doesn’t explain how they were able to pay rent, have food, and have cable. Satsuki barely heard when Ryuko plopped down on the couch next to her after she had placed the cups on the coffee table in front of them.

“Don’t think about it too hard,” Ryuko snorted, dismissing the confusion on Satsuki’s face. “Mako’s family pitches in to make up the difference. She comes from a family of doctors. They’re pretty well off.” She took a sip of her coffee. “It’s not good to make assumptions, Kiryuin~” Ryuko sing-songed, picking up the remote to turn the channel to some dumb kid’s show on Disney Channel.

She placed her cup back down. “So, what did you need to talk about?” She asked, turning to the older girl, giving her her full attention.

Satsuki jolted, suddenly remembering why she was here. “Oh, well, um...” She chewed her lip. She didn’t quite know how to say it. “Usually I would want to talk to someone close about this, like my butler or Nonon...but....” She trailed again, seeing Ryuko’s eyebrows furrow. “But since you told me about your past, I think it’s only fair I told you about mine.” She finished with a sigh.

Ryuko sat up. “Really? But we’ve only known each other for a day...Plus, how do you know that once you’re done that I won’t go to the tabloids and make a quick buck off of you?” She asked, her eyes narrowing. “For a richy you’re very trusting of poor people.”

“You won’t sell me out, Matoi. Because I know you like me too much to do such a thing,” Satsuki replied with an eye roll. She sipped at her coffee. Black. Just how she liked it. And apparently just how Ryuko liked it, since she had just made it the way she liked it and didn’t ask Satsuki how she took hers.

“Keep telling yourself that, Kiryuin.” Ryuko mumbled into her cup. “Now spill it already before I change my mind and kick you out.”

Satsuki rolled her eyes at the girl’s insensitive behavior, but began her story nonetheless. “My father died when I was five. I barely have any memory of him except for the pictures I have of him and a few memorable moments. Before my father’s death, my mother was the most beautiful woman in the world. At least that’s what I believed...” She took another sip to calm herself so that she could continue.

“After he died, she just...changed. She became a ruthless dictator. Nui never knew what she was like before everything, she was born a few months after he died, but Mother never told her about him. I don’t even think Nui even knew we had a father until I told her when we were kids.” Satsuki laughed a little, but it didn’t sound genuine.

“And then, when I hit puberty...around ten I believe....That’s when things went from bad to worse.” Her tone took a serious turn that made Ryuko’s hair stand on end.

She gulped. “W-What do you mean?” She asked, her hands running cold despite the warm cup in her hands. She took a shaky sip as she watched Satsuki thumb at her mug.

“My mother....” Satsuki paused before letting out a ragged breath. “She started molesting me. I used to think it was because she was lonely after my father died and she needed someone to fill the void, but...then it went from touching to full on sex.”

The cup in Ryuko's hands slipped from her fingers and landed on the floor, ceramic and coffee scattering all over. Her hands were still out in front of her as if it were still in her hands. She was frozen in shock, her cerulean eyes wide and frightened.

"Your mother is a child molester. Your mother is one of the richest women in the world. And she's...a child molester." The summarization left her mouth breathlessly, her body still frozen. Suddenly, Ryuko grabbed at Satsuki's arm. "You have to tell someone! You're an adult! She can't do anything to you!"

"Yes, she can! I'm the heir to the company, remember? She can take that from me! The minute I screw up, the minute I displease her, I'm finished! Everything will go to Nui!" Satsuki shouted, tears threatening to leave her eyes.

Ryuko's face hardened. "She's holding that against you, isn't she? She knows you want to be the sole heir so bad that you'd do anything to please her. Even," She swallowed a bit of bile. "Even give her your body." Ryuko looked at Satsuki sympathetically. "Holy shit, Kiryuin. And I thought my life was bad."

Swallowing a lump in her throat, Satsuki responded with, "Now you know what I meant when I said no one feels sorry for you. Because everyone else has their own damn problems." Her grip on the cup tightened and she downed the rest of what was left in it.

"Do...." Ryuko tried. "Do you want to stay the night? I got a king bed so there'd be enough room for the both of us. I wouldn't want you to have to go back to that..hellhole."

Satsuki smiled weakly at Ryuko. "Thank you, I would appreciate that."

They sat in silence for a while, until the front door was opened by Mako, who was coming home from work.

"Ryu- Oh. Hi." She said, noticing the older girl on the couch. She also noticed the mess on the floor. "Did something happen?" Mako asked, pointing to the broken cup and spilled coffee.

"Wha? Oh, no, I uh, dropped my cup." Ryuko explained. "I'll clean it up before I go to bed." She reassured the shorter girl with a smile that was a nothing but forced.

Mako shrugged. "Oh. Well okay. Oh by the way, Nonon was pissed you didn't come in today." She told her conversationally, unaware that just moments ago there was heavy tension in the room.

"Nonon can eat my ass." Ryuko grumbled, getting back into her usual snarky self. "I told her that I needed to take today off because she hasn't been giving me my vacation days."

Satsuki couldn't help but let out a snort at that. The thought of her best friend eating anyone's ass was pretty hilarious. Though she was sure Nonon wouldn't appreciate it if she had seen her laugh at the insult.

Ryuko yawned. "Fuck. I'm tired. I think I'm gonna hit the sack." She said, getting up stretching.

"Really? it's only like seven o'clock." Mako told her, glancing at the time on the cable box.

Satsuki took real good notice of the younger girl's subtle six pack. For someone who didn't like doing much work, she was surprisingly fit. She made a mental note to ask Ryuko what she does to stay in shape in the morning.

"Ya coming, Satsuki?" Ryuko asked, smirking at her. "Or are you just going to stare at my body all night?" Her smirk broadened when she heard the older girl snort.

"Don't flatter yourself, Matoi." Satsuki snarked, getting up to follow her.

In the back of the apartment were two bedrooms and a bathroom. The room all the way at the end of the hall was Ryuko's. And just like Satsuki had predicted, her bed was on the floor. Well, it was in a frame that was close to the floor. There were posters all over her walls of punk rock bands and surprisingly a few female pop artists.

Scattered on the floor of course were a few pieces of clothing. A laptop was propped up on a bare desk, a chair in front of it. The dresser in the far right corner of the room was overflowing with clothes. And yet, the room had a distinct scent of vanilla.

"You're half the slob I thought you would be." Satsuki commented as Ryuko rifled through the dresser for something Satsuki could wear. She sat down on the edge of the bed and let out a muffled 'omf' when the t-shirt Ryuko had threw at her had hit her in the face. "Thanks," She grumbled. "For everything."

"Oh, it's no problem." Ryuko dismissed, taking off her sports bra and pulling on an oversized t-shirt of her own. She then took off her shorts and sat on the edge of the bed too, facing Satsuki.

Satsuki took off her buttoned up shirt and her bra, then put on the garment. She heard a whistle from the other girl as she let the shirt fall over her breasts. "What?" She demanded with a blush.

"That shirt is so not your size." Ryuko snickered. "Guess the eyebrows aren't the only things big on you." She dodged a pillow that was thrown at her. "Hey, I'm just saying." She said defensively. "Plus, you look hot. Like one of those Playboy models or something."

"T-Thanks, I guess..." Satsuki mumbled. She stretched and yawned.

"You can go to sleep if you want," Ryuko offered. "You don't have to stay up for me." She pointed to the bags under the older girl's eyes. "Plus, you look like you need it. I stay up anyway so I'll join you later."

"I thought you said you were tired?" Satsuki asked confusedly, with a pout that Ryuko had to admit was a little cute.

“Nah,” She responded. “I just wanted to get you away from Mako. She’s one of those emotionally intelligent people. And she won’t stop pestering you about what’s wrong until you tell her.” She smiled a little. “And seeing how it took all your strength to just tell me, I’d imagine it’d be hard to repeat everything to her.”

Satsuki hummed in agreement. “That was very thoughtful of you, Matoi.”

Ryuko shook her head. “Come on, we’re supposed to be friends. Just call me Ryuko from now on, alright?” She asked, playfully punching Satsuki in the arm.

And for the first time in a while, Satsuki truly, genuinely smiled. “Yeah, sorry.” She yawned again. “I guess I’ll see you in the morning,” She told the younger girl tiredly.

“Yeah,” Ryuko said, getting up and heading over to the laptop on the desk. “I guess you will. Though if you do get up in the middle of the night with nightmares or some shit, just tap me. We can just chill out until you calm down or whatever.”

Satsuki nodded drowsily, and before she knew it, her eyes were closed.

When she finally opened them again, it was morning. The smell of frying bacon and eggs woke her up, and her stomach yelled at her to get something to eat. She didn’t even realize how hungry she was until she had entered the living room. Mako was at the stove cooking and Ryuko was at the small wobbly dining table with a piece of toast and her laptop, checking her email. Greeting them, Satsuki sat at the edge of the couch to look over the younger girl’s shoulder.

“So, did you sleep well?” Ryuko asked her, turning around to poke her in the stomach.

Satsuki laughed a little. “Yes, I suppose so,” She responded. “Though it could have been better if I had eaten something before then. I’m starving.” She eyed the plate of eggs Mako set in front of her roommate.

“Well there’s enough to go around!” Mako chirped, giving her a plate piled high with bacon and eggs. “Eat up! You’ll need all your strength!”

Ryuko snorted. “You’re starting to sound like a mom or something.” She teased.

Satsuki winced at the word as she took a bite of her food, but didn’t voice her discomfort. She remembered that her phone in her jacket pocket, and rummaged for it on the couch. When she found it, she unlocked it and checked her messages. One one was from Soroi who told her that her mother was angry with her. She rolled her eyes. That one was inevitable.

The second one was from one of her mother’s co-workers reminding her of a youth division meeting she had to attend next week to give her input on the latest fashions, and the third one was from her mother herself.

Satsuki sucked in a breath before opening it. It was an invitation....to an engagement party? But whose engagement party was it? She didn’t know anyone who was old enough or even

wanted to get married. She scrolled down to try and see the names of the couple, and nearly choked on her breakfast.

Right there, in bold and black letters were her and Ryuko's name.

Her mother was setting them up to get married.

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Ryuko starts to see Satsuki in a more...intimate light.

Satsuki stared wide eyed at her phone. What was her mother playing at? What was her plan? She looked over to Ryuko, who was laughing at something Mako had just said. How could she have dragged her into something so dangerous?

Ragyo was a ruthless woman who would do anything to get what she wanted. If she wanted Ryuko out of the picture, she'd make sure she was photoshopped out- permanently.

The thought of her mother committing murder left a bad taste in her mouth. Numbly, Satsuki yanked Ryuko up out of her seat and into the back where they could talk in private.

Ryuko gave her a confused look. "What? What's wrong?" She asked in a low worried whisper.

Satsuki took a calm breath before breaking the news. "We're engaged." She said seriously.

There was a beat of silence before Ryuko burst into a fit of laughter, clutching her stomach as she doubled over. "Oh man, that's really funny, Kiryuin! You almost had me there! I mean we've only known each other for a day, you can't be-" She stopped when the stoic expression on the older girl's face showed that this was no laughing matter. "Holy shit, you're serious!"

Satsuki wordlessly put her smartphone up to the waitress's face. Ryuko squinted, reading the email. Her blood ran cold. "I'm, I'm your fiancé? !" She looked from the phone to the girl behind it. "How'd this even happen?!"

"My mother, I presume. She must be doing this to get back at me for the day before yesterday." Satsuki mused.

"The day before..." Ryuko's face twisted in confusion. "When you came to the cafe? When we first met? Why would she be trying to get you back for that?!"

"Because, Matoi, I was supposed to be at lunch appointment with her. I skipped to come to the restaurant you work at because I didn't want to be bothered with her." Satsuki ran a stressed hand through her tousled jet black hair. "I guess my little act of rebellion had some unforeseen consequences."

"Ya damn right it did!" Ryuko shouted at her. "I'm nineteen, Satsuki! I'm barely over the age to even date someone as old as you, let alone get married to them!" The shorter girl tugged at her hair in frustration. "How long do we have until the engagement party?!"

Satsuki checked her phone. "We've got a few hours. Seven or eight since it's mid morning." She told her.

"Good." Ryuko answered her, nodding more to herself than Satsuki. "We're going to spend this time learning every single thing there is to possibly learn about each other."

"What exactly are we going to do that's going to get us to a point where we seem like we've known each other for months in less than a couple of hours?" Satsuki asked with a quirked brow.

Ryuko handed her a clipboard with a list of questions on it; an identical one tucked under her arm for herself. "The same way they do it in elementary school."

"You actually believe this contrived, trivial, twenty questions nonsense is actually going to work?" Satsuki scoffed, accepting the clipboard from her fiancée.

"Well, since you're the one who got us into this mess, I hope for your sake it does." Ryuko quipped back. "Now, you write down your answers to the questions and I'll write down mine. Then we'll switch, and we'll study them until the party."

"We have to go to Iori for a fitting at seven so no, we can't study until the party." Satsuki deadpanned, poking a hole in Ryuko's plan.

"Alright, Miss I'm-So-Rich-I-Know-Everything. How do you suppose we go about this then?" Ryuko challenged her, folding her arms.

"The trick is not knowing every excruciating detail about each other," Satsuki began to explain, ignoring Ryuko's insult. "It's body language. If we're going to pretend to be a couple, we have to act like a couple." She added, pointing to a spot in front of her. "Stand here." She ordered.

Rolling her eyes, Ryuko did as she was told. Satsuki nodded at her. "While knowing each other well is important in a relationship between two people, we're on a tight schedule, and we don't have time to focus on body language and communication." She tilted Ryuko's chin up and made her stand straight. "You are engaged to a heiress, Matoi. Act like it." She chided, smacking her cheek, the other girl wincing in annoyance.

"What these batty old rich people want when they see a young rich couple is romance. Lust, to be more precise. You have to act like you can't keep your hands off me. Especially since you're supposed to be the man in the relationship." Satsuki pulled Ryuko closer by her neck. "Kiss me," she commanded in a soft tone that made Ryuko's heart skip. "Kiss me like you fell in love with me the first time you ever saw me."

Hesitantly, Ryuko put her lips to Satsuki's, the other girl's lips a foreign language to her. It was a short, awkward kiss, one that left Ryuko blushing red and Satsuki sighing in disappointment.

"Have you ever kissed anyone before?" She asked her with a quirked brow.

"N-No..." Ryuko mumbled in embarrassment.

Satsuki tapped her chin. "Which means you also haven't had your first time either...correct?"

"Can we not talk about this?!" Ryuko snapped, her blush intensifying.

"Oh relax." Satsuki said, rolling her eyes. "I haven't had mines either. Though I can't say the same thing about kissing someone so you're on your own with that." She tucked a stray strand of hair behind the other girl's ear. "Let's try this again. Don't try to impress me. The point isn't trying to impress people, it's to make them believe we're really a thing." She rubbed the back of Ryuko's neck, which sent shivers down her spine. "It's just me and you," Satsuki whispered encouragingly, her eyes focused on Ryuko's lips.

Ryuko's heart was pounding so hard that she thought it would burst right out of her chest. "Y- You should take the lead. S-Since you know what you're doing and everything."

Satsuki shook her head. "They're going to think something is up if I do it. You have to suck it up and take the lead. Don't worry, you'll know when you're doing it right."

Ryuko had no idea what she meant by that, but nodded anyway. Leaning forward, she captured her friend's lips again, this time more fervently, making sure to nip at the other girl's bottom lip. Satsuki let out a low moan that showed her approval, and the shorter girl took that as a signal to continue. Growing more brave, she mussed her hands in Satsuki's hair, pulling and tugging when she saw fit. She didn't even think they were practicing anymore.

Satsuki groaned when Ryuko tugged at a particular sensitive part of her scalp. She pulled the shorter girl closer by grabbing at her bum, making her squeak.

Suddenly realizing what was happening, the two jumped apart, a saliva string connecting them. They stared at each other for a moment, both breathing heavily as if they had just run a marathon.

Ryuko couldn't get the scent of Satsuki's shampoo out of her mind, it's heady smell of strawberries intoxicating her. She coughed. "I uh, I think we have that part down." She wiped her mouth with her arm.

Satsuki nodded, not looking at her. "Yes, very much so." She responded, wiping her mouth also. "But that was a heated, passionate kiss...we can't do something so...vulgar in front of an audience. Especially not around Mother..."

She sat Ryuko down on the bed. "There's more to kissing than just sloppy, heated make out sessions. There's a type of kiss for every occasion. Like for instance," she kissed Ryuko on

the forehead. "That is a kiss to comfort someone. It is completely neutral, which means it can be used on anyone."

Satsuki then grabbed her by both her cheeks and kissed her quickly on the lips. "That was a short kiss. Usually used to shut someone up. I believe I'm going to be using this one a lot." She muttered to herself.

She then kissed Ryuko on the cheek. "Now this is one that is acceptable to be used in front of a crowd. It's quick, cute, and simple. Though, if we really wanted to give them a show," she scooted closer to Ryuko and gave her a short lived, but very slow and satisfying kiss on the lips that made the younger girl moan. "That could suffice also."

"You're gonna make my lips swollen if you keep this up," Ryuko said, speaking up for the first time in a while, her blush seeming to permanently redden her face.

"It's essential for us to be as realistic as possible. We don't know what my mother is playing at, so better to be safe than make a complete fool of ourselves. Swollen lips is a small price to pay." Satsuki reminded her. "Now, if someone asks how we met, what will you say?"

"That you came in to the restaurant I was working at and we fell in love the moment we saw each other." Ryuko responded, searching her face for any conformation.

"That's ridiculously cheesy, but it will do." Satsuki praised. "Now. No one knows who you are. If they find out you are not of a rich family, then they will start to suspect something is up. Mother will probably come up with a lie of her own, but let's concoct one just in case."

"I'm a waitress. You can't buff that up very much." Ryuko shrugged, laying back on her bed. "Do you even think we can pull this off? I mean, your mom is the one behind this whole thing. How do you know that she and Nui aren't one step ahead of us?"

Satsuki opened her mouth to make a rebuttal, but couldn't seem to find the words to do so. She did have a point. How did they know that her mother wasn't one, no, three steps ahead of them? She obviously knew they were going to try to pretend to be a couple. She was probably planning to make doing so ten times harder just for her sick, twisted, enjoyment.

"Well," She finally sighed, exasperated. "It's six thirty, so we can think about it on the limo ride to the fitting."

Ryuko groaned. "Ugh, being rich is so hard!"

Iori's boutique was not that far from Ryuko's apartment, but a far cry from her simple lifestyle. It was a two story building that had all types of dresses and suits on display in the huge glass windows that faced the street. Above the door was a large sign written in fancy letters that said "Iori's Couture".

"Kill me with a rock." Ryuko mumbled as she got out of the limo. This is the last thing she expected to be doing this week.

"Stop being so immature," Satsuki said with an eyeroll. "If it wasn't for this, you'd be at work right now."

"I'd rather be at work than face your devil of a mother." The younger girl bit back.

"If I have no choice, then you have no choice." The older girl responded, slamming the car door.

Ryuko opened the door to the boutique for Satsuki and let her walk through before walking through herself. Inside was just as tidy and fancy as the outside, which made Ryuko feel severely out of place. She felt the wandering eyes of high class patrons on her as she walked up the stairs in the back to meet the man who owned the place.

They found Iori sitting behind a desk sketching out what Ryuko assumed was his latest design of some sort. He was a tall, thin man, with curly blonde hair. He looked up as soon as he saw them. "Ah, there you two are. And just on time too." He said getting up to air kiss with Satsuki.

"You know I would never be late when it comes to you, Iori." Satsuki greeted back. "This is my fiancée, Ryuko." She added, turning to the girl who gave an unceremonious two finger salute and a quiet 'Sup'.

"I assume this is your mother's doing?" He asked looking at Ryuko then back at Satsuki, making the younger girl feel judged and unwanted.

"Unfortunately," Satsuki confirmed. "Though that doesn't mean we can't look our best, right?"

"Oh of course not." The designer agreed. "There is a changing room over there," He instructed, pointing to a small curtained off section in the back of the room. "Your outfits are already in there."

"Wait a minute, you've never taken my measurements. How do you know if it will fit me or not?" Ryuko asked, pointing to him.

Iori raised a brow. "You were described to me as being very boyish and flat chested. It couldn't have been that hard to guess your measurements."

"Hey!" Ryuko shouted, her hands defensively covering her chest as Satsuki held in a snicker. She pulled the girl with a surprising amount of force. "Whatever! Let's just get this over with!" She growled, dragging Satsuki to the changing area.

Sometime later (with the help of Satsuki) Ryuko stepped out of the curtained off area in a dapper three piece suit. The suit itself was a velvet black that brought out the blue in her eyes. The vest and tie (that Satsuki helped her put on) were both a blood red. She had on a pair of white gloves to match.

Iori admired her with his hand on his chin, “Ah yes, I knew Senketsu would suit you!” He laughed at his play on words.

“Senketsu?” Ryuko asked with a confused expression.

“It means fresh blood,” Satsuki answered for her, stepping out after her wearing a blue and white cocktail dress that accentuated every curve imaginable on her body. The halter neckline emphasized on her ample breasts, making them something you couldn’t go without noticing. The back of it was bare, so that every soul could look at her smooth, pale back. Ryuko had to almost stop herself from drooling.

“Junketsu looks marvelous on you, Lady Satsuki.” Iori praised.

“Junketsu?” Ryuko repeated, looking between the designer and the older girl. “Junketsu?” She said again, pointed to the dress. “Are you sure there’s any pure intent in that dress?” She asked.

Satsuki rolled her eyes, ignoring Ryuko’s comment. She checked her watch. “Looks like we have to get a move on.” She grumbled.

Ryuko bowed in front of her, with her hand outstretched to the older woman like a prince asking a princess to dance. “Well then,” She smirked, a twinkle in her eye. “Shall we?”

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

The party is in full swing! Also, Ryuko meets the rest of the elite four.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Compared to how it looked to her the day before, the Kiryuin Manor was a looming reminder of what she and Satsuki had to do. Ryuko bit her lip as she opened the door for Satsuki and escorted her towards the entrance where they got a few looks from a few of Ragyo's wealthy co-wokers.

Satsuki stood rigid, her face emotionless as they walked through to the foyer where more of the elite were situated, talking, socializing, and speculating about who this Ryuko Matoi girl could be.

Ragyo and Nui stood on the landing in between the two identical arching stairs that lead into more of the mansion. Ragyo smirked when she saw the two young women walk in.

Satsuki felt a shiver run down her back.

Ryuko noticed and linked their arms. "Don't worry Kiryuin, we've got this. All we have to do is just play pretend." Her words of assurance weren't much, but they did help.

Ragyo tapped a champagne glass that she had gotten from a servant. "Welcome colleagues, friends, and family. I know that this event was of short notice, but I'm glad you could all make it." The side glance Ryuko saw her give her made her jaw.

"My daughter is in love. And I'm proud to announce that she will be getting married in the upcoming months to a woman by the name of Ryuko Matoi. Ryuko, if you would?" She directed towards the couple with her hand gesturing towards them.

The spotlight was on them, and everyone in the foyer who had been conversing and chatting had stopped to look at them.

Satsuki inhaled. "You have the ring?" She breathed.

"Yeah a servant slipped it to me as we were walking in." Ryuko murmured back. She reached into the suit jacket pocket and pulled out an expensive piece of jewelry. She had never seen so much diamonds on something in her life. Getting down on one knee, she kissed Satsuki's hand and looked up at her longingly.

"Satsuki Kiryuin, will you marry me?" She asked in the most masculine voice she could muster. (Which wasn't very hard.) She looked up at the older girl hopefully.

"Of course," Satsuki answered after a pause. Ryuko stood up and pulled her into a fiery, passionate kiss that got gasps and whistles from their audience who applauded at the scene.

Breaking apart, Ryuko kept Satsuki close to her by the nape of her neck. "Not bad for my first time in front of our guests, huh?" She whispered with a grin.

Satsuki rolled her eyes. "The night has only just begun, Matoi. Let's see what happens next. Don't get too cocky. Be on your guard. Mother will not hesitate to try and trip us up now that she knows we're pretending."

Ryuko quickly nodded and pulled completely away from her, the world around them coming back into focus.

Ragyo leaned over the railing with an amused grin. "Well done, Ryuko Matoi. I give you both my full blessing." She turned on her heel to head into the part of the mansion that was closed off to guests. Nui smiled maniacally at them as if she knew something, before following behind her.

Ryuko let out a breath as the conversation around them started up again and they weren't the focus of attention anymore. "Jesus Christ that blonde psychopath gives me the creeps."

Satsuki snorted. "Try living with her. At least you get a break from her. I have to see her everyday."

"Now what?" Ryuko asked, glancing around the place. Women in fancy dresses worth more than half of her next eight pay checks twirled around and mingled with men in suits similar to her own. Never having been to a social outing as fancy as this one, (If she didn't count the occasional Doctor's ball she got dragged to when she was younger) she really had no idea what to do in a situation like this. Her and Satsuki had grew up in completely different worlds.

The older woman handed her a flute of champagne she got from a waiter that walked past them. "We mingle. We are an engaged couple after all. I'm sure there is going to be a few of Mother's friends who want to know the more....intimate workings of our relationship."

Ryuko blushed slightly as a pink blur flashed across her line of sight before she was looking down at a pale finger that was pointed up at her.

"You wanna explain to me why I got an invitation in the mail about you two being together?" Nonon barked, folding her arms.

"We're not too crazy about this either, Jakuzure." Satsuki responded, downing the rest of her champagne. "Just wait until tomorrow and Ryuko and I will explain everything."

"Damn right you will. Who gets married to someone they just met?!" The pinkette snorted before storming off.

"You'd be surprised," Ryuko mumbled to herself, which earned her a slap to the arm. "Oh what, I can't joke about this? Not even a little bit?"

Satsuki pecked her on the cheek before patting it. "No." She deadpanned. "Now remember everything I taught you about body language. One of Mother's American colleagues is coming this way."

"Ah, Satsuki. I haven't seen you since you were a wee girl." The man said, approaching them, hugging Satsuki and kissing both her cheeks much to the chagrin of Ryuko. "How have you been?"

"It's nice to see you too, Mr. Smith. I've been well, as you can see." Ryuko tightened her grip around Satsuki's waist. The older girl pinched her. Now was not the time to get possessive.

Mr. Smith nodded. "I can. Good evening, Miss Matoi." He said, turning to the shorter woman. "I assume Satsuki here is in good hands with you?" He asked with a playfully raised brow that indicated he had a double meaning to his words.

Ryuko snorted, humored. "Yes sir, Mr. Smith. She's in very good hands." She responded, ghosting her hand deftly over Satsuki's abdomen, making her shiver.

Mr. Smith let out a loud laugh. "Young love! Such a lustful thing!" He bellowed, before winking at Ryuko. "Have fun you two." He said before continuing on to another guest.

As soon as she was sure he left, Satsuki punched Ryuko in the stomach.

"Urgh, what was that for?!" The younger woman demanded, holding her sides and gasping for air. All the champagne she drank threatened to come back up.

"When I said body language I didn't mean caressing me in public!" Satsuki hissed in a low whisper.

"I was trying to make it convincing just like you told me to!" Ryuko argued back, wheezing. "You said they wanted a horn dog young couple so that what I'm giving them!"

Pinching the bridge of her nose, Satsuki let out a sigh before kissing Ryuko quickly on the lips. "Better?" She asked.

Ryuko nodded, blushing. "B-Better."

Satsuki grabbed her hand. "Now there's a few more people we have to mingle with and then we're out of here. But first..." she trailed, scanning the crowd. "Aha!"

"Wha-" Ryuko barely got a word out as Satsuki dragged her over to the bar where three men sat.

One was tall and extremely muscular, with tanned skin and bleach blond hair. Ryuko was surprised he was even able to fit into his suit.

The one beside him had shaggy green hair, and a cool guy vibe about him. He swished around his glass of scotch as they approached, his eyes wandering over Satsuki's body.

The last of the three, was a lanky man with blue hair, and glasses to match. He was clearly uninterested in the social atmosphere around him, and was more content texting on his phone than talking to anyone.

"Gentlemen," Satsuki greeted, sitting at a stool beside the blonde haired man.

"Lady Satsuki, you look beautiful tonight," The blond man complimented, his deep and rugged voice getting hilariously nervous and high pitched at the sight of the revealing dress Satsuki wore.

Ryuko rolled her eyes. Junketsu her ass. There was nothing pure about that dress. It was obviously tailored to accentuate every curve on her body, and lead to awkward moments of lust. She snorted. Good one, Iori. She thought.

"Thank you, Gamagoori." Satsuki said, nodding at him. "There's someone I want you all to meet." She pulled Ryuko closer as if to present her to them. "This is fiancée, Ryuko Matoi." She said, gesturing to the younger girl.

"Ryuko, this is Ira Gamagoori, Uzu Sanagayama, and Hoka Inumuta." She looked expectantly at the other woman.

"Sup." She said dully.

"Nice to see you picked someone with manners and class." Inumuta jabbed, as Ryuko gave him her middle finger.

"It wasn't my idea, it was mother's." Satsuki grunted in disdain, flagging the waiter down for a martini. She pulled Ryuko down in the seat next to her and ordered the same for her.

"About that....how do you know she isn't onto your little...act over here?" Uzu questioned, nodding towards the ring on Satsuki's finger.

"We don't. And I'm absolutely positive she knows exactly what we're doing." Satsuki responded, taking a sip of her drink. "She's probably planning of a counter attack as we speak."

"Nui darling, whatever shall we do?" Ragyo faux worried, her eyebrows creased. "Our darling little Satsuki is on to us."

Nui giggled. "There's no need to worry about that, Mother. I've got a plan of my own. Once she's out of the picture, the inheritance is all mine." She smiled maniacally. Oh the things she could do with the company.

Ragyo let out a throaty laugh. "You are my daughter indeed, Nui." She complimented, ghosting her hands over the blonde's shoulders.

Nui shivered under her touch. "She thinks she's so smart, getting that Matoi girl to play along. She'll find out just how smart a Kiryuin can be." She breathed ominously as Ragyo pressed her lips to Nui's pale neck.

"I'm trusting you with this my little sweet," the CEO whispered, laying her youngest daughter out on her desk. "If you're successful, you'll be rewarded fully." Something akin to lust burned bright in her eyes.

The look made Nui's hair stand on end. She was beyond excited. "Oui, Ragyo-sama." She managed before Ragyo shushed her with her lips.

Tomorrow was the beginning of a new dawn.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this took so long, I was busy and what not. I promise the next chapter will be longer!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!